All Ireland

OFFICIAL PAPER of the IRISH FAIR, MECHANICS' PAVILION, MAY 1st to 24th, 1902.

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WHERE SHANDON BELLS CAST THEIR MAGIC SPELL

(By permission, from J. S. Hyland & Co.'s celebrated "Ireland in Pictures.")

SHANDON CHURCH, CORK CITY.—Although not particularly ancient, the Church of St. Anne Shandon, has, because of that sweet singer, the Rev. Francis Mahony, much more widely known as "Father Prout," acquired a popularity equal to that of any sacred edifice in Ireland. The original structure was destroyed by fire and the building of that shown in the sketch was begun in 1722. The steeple, one hundred and twenty feet high, is out of all proportion to the size of the church, but possesses a magnificent peal of bells. The name Shandon—in Gaelic written Seandun—means "old fort." Father Mahony thought it the brightest spot on earth, and when he died in Paris, in 1866, friends conveyed his remains to Cork, where they were buried in Shandon churchyard. He had heard

—Bells tolling old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican
And cymbals glorious swinging uprorious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Fling's o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly—
Oh, the Bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee!

Church Bells.

"Why do they have church bells? What good are they? Men go to a bank or the store at the proper time without a bell. Women open up their millinery stores on time without being rung up. People in the country, where there are no bells, get to church on time. The fact is, church bells are a relic of ancient times. People have them because it is custom. They do no good. Really they are a nuisance."—Atchison Globe.

The origin of bells is lost in antiquity. They began to be definitely mentioned about the fifth or sixth century. Since that time, as improvements were made in their manufacture, their use became general, and they form one of the means used to further public worship. In many cases they have attained a size not dreamed possible in the beginning, until they reached the enormous proportions of the great bell of Moscow—one of the wonders of the world.

Bells have sometimes been used to proclaim some important event, and as a relic of such event have ever afterward been prized and preserved. Such is the case with the "Liberty Bell." "The old bell-ringer stood at his post all day waiting to announce the Declaration by a joyous peal, and his boy was stationed below to give him the signal as soon as the resolution was adopted. At last the boy appears clapping his hands and shouting 'Ring! Ring!' Then the bell proclaimed liberty, and the whole city was filled with rejoicing."

So the church bell on Sundays proclaims the spiritual liberty which Christ obtained for us by his death. "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Christian liberty, knowledge, joy and thanksgiving are all proclaimed by the sound of the church bell on the Lord's Day.

When some great king, some great conqueror, some great benefactor, makes a journey through the country, the bells proclaim his coming, and call forth the people to do him honor. So the church bells on the Lord's Day proclaim the presence of the King of Kings, the conqueror of Death, our best of benefactors, and call forth the people to assemble to do him honor and pay him worship.

When danger threatens the city by fire, the sword or other calamity, the bells summon the citizens to face the danger and unite their efforts to overcome it. So the church bells on Sundays remind us of the spiritual dangers that threaten our souls, and call us together to unite in prayer to avert these evils.

When a ship is wrapped in dense fog and is drifting to the unseen rock, how joyful seems the sound of the fog bell directing the sailors to turn away the ship from the unseen danger. So the church bells call on us to learn the unseen dangers that threaten us in the voyage of life, how we may avoid them and direct the bark of our soul into the harbor of eternal rest. The joyful pealing of the marriage bell calls on us to offer our congratulations on the happy event, the slow tolling of the funeral bell calls forth our sympathy and our sorrow. The sounds of the church bells express all the moods of the human soul and announce the joys and sorrows of life. So it is that their sounds are dear to all those to whom divine worship is a loving duty, and it is only the godless man who can say "Church bells are a nuisance."

Appealing to our imagination and voicing the most powerful sentiments of the human soul, it is no wonder that church bells have called forth some of the most beautiful poems, and if they did nothing else but give origin to those beautiful poems it could not be said "Church bells are a nuisance." Foremost among these poems we have "The Bells," Edgar A. Poe. It is one of the most difficult, yet most effective, pieces for the elocutionist:

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells.
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells
Through the balmy air of night,
How they ring out their delight," etc.

Another beautiful poem is by Thomas Moore:

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home and that sweet time
When last I heard this soothing chime."

We have also the beautiful poem and song by Father Prout, "The Bells of Shandon.":

"With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells
Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells."

Many other poems might be mentioned and much more might be said on this subject if the limits of this article did not forbid. Enough, it is hoped, has been said to refute the statement that "Church bells are a nuisance" and to prove that they serve a useful purpose. Q. E. D.

At the Dublin Booth, two very welcome visitors were Mr. E. J. Madden from Sydney and Mr. Timothy Lynch. Both gentlemen complimented the ladies on the excellence of their booth and made many purchases.

The principle feature of the Fair will be a "Night at Home" given in Sligo Booth on Wednesday evening, May 7th. A great surprise is in store for those who attend on that night, so don't forget Wednesday evening, May 7th.

Erin Go Bragh Band, Miss Etta Welch, A. Ronconviere, Miss Lillian Wilson, Senior G. Napoleoni, Miss Lillie Burns, Mr. William J. O'Brien.

A novel feature of the evening will be selections by young ladies orchestra.

CELTIC UNITY IN AMERICA

A Scotch Gael Suggests an Ambitious Plan

The following letter to "All Ireland" is from a brother Gael, a Scot who is proud of his origin. In it he makes a suggestion which is worth considering, and it contemplates a unification of all Celts in America:

San Francisco, May 1, 1902.

Dear Editor "All Ireland."

It is very gratifying indeed, to note the great wave of Gaelic renaissance that is spreading over the universe. Everywhere do we find the learned men of the day advocating the perpetuation of the Gaelic language and traditions. It is said Halfbreeds of Northwest Canada are able to speak "splendid Gaelic," and in the Chinese college at Amoy, China, there is a class of one hundred students who read and speak Gaelic fluently. They, also, have a Gaelic choir, which is reported as very efficient.

The late professor Thos. Davidson, one of Scotland's most gifted sons, (and of whom the London "Spectator" said that at the time of his death in September, 1900, he was one of the twelve most learned men in the world.) frequently requested his friends to repeat Gaelic phrases to him. He regretted nothing so much as not having learned the language of his forefathers in his college days.

At the present time the greatest interest is taken in, and the utmost efforts are being put forth by some of the most learned men of Scotland to have the good old Gaelic language perpetuated. Classes are being taught in all the universities; gentlemen are having it taught to their children by tutors in their houses and great men are studying it abroad, in the hope that when they return to their mother country they may be able to address their fellow citizens in the Gaelic.

It is a matter of regret, that in this country, where there are so many clan societies, that they should not give the prominence to the good old mother tongue that it so richly deserves. They make a boast of "keeping alive the traditions of our race," but the language of their forfathers, which is a very essential part of the traditions is but rarely spoken. Aside from an occasional Gaelic song we find it utterly ignored.

How much better would it be if the members of the Celtic race and their decendants would band themselves together, standing "shoulder to shoulder," as did their famous ancestors of old in every good and patriotic cause, and band themselves in one grand organization to be known as "The American Gaelic Mod." Meetings should be held yearly and alternately, in the principal cities of the Union—prizes to be offered for the best essays, songs, recitations, poems or translations of any Irish or Scottish society, all Gaelic,—prizes for the best Gaelic dancing, etc., and a special prize for the best address on the Celt and the Celtic race—surely a subject rich in material.

The holding of a "Gaelic Children's Day" and a "Gaelic Mod Day" would be the means of perpetuating the language and glorious conditions of the "Gael" to such an extent that it would never fade, but would grow brighter and brighter as the ages roll on.

It would be a magnanimous act on the part of some wealthy American if he would do something for the brave old Celt, who has done much by his brain and brawn for this Republic—say provide a fund to maintain a Celtic chair for the preservation of the Gaelic and Celtic history in our universities, and set the ball a rolling for the establishment of Gaelic games, with good substantial prizes to successful competisubstantial prizes to successful competitors all over the land. By such an act, not only the Gaels and their decendants, but all the world would be gainers. To the Celtic race this Republic owes much—for where would be be to-day but for a Patrick Henry who fired his colleagues with the necessary enthusiasm in the cause of freedom, a Grant and a Sheridan to restore the Union and a McKinley who gave his life for its prosperity.

Fraternally yours,

GEORGE W. PATERSON.

Past Recorder San Francisco Scottish Thistle Club.

"Au Guillan Gaelach."

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Evil Spells.

(By "Speranza.")

It is said by the wise women and fairy doctors that the roots of the elder tree, and the roots of an apple tree that bear red apples, if boiled together and drunk fasting, will expel any evil living thing or evil spirit that may have taken up its abode in the body of a man.

But an evil charm to produce a living thing in the body can also be made, by pronouncing a certain magic and wicked spell over the food or drink taken by any person that an enemy wishes to injure.

One should therefore be very cautious in accepting anything to eat from a person of known malicious tongue and spiteful heart, or who has an ill will against you, for poison lies in their glance and in the touch of their hands; and an evil spell is in their presence, and on all they do, say, or touch.

Cathal, king of Munster, was the tallest and handsomest of all the kings of Erin, and he fell deeply in love with the beautiful sister of Fergus, king of Ulster; and the lovers were happy in their love and resolved on marriage. But Fergus, King of the North, had a mortal hatred to Cathal, King of the South, and wished, in secret, to prevent the marriage. So he set a watch over his sister, and by this means found out that she was sending a basket of the choicest apples to her lover, by the hands of a trusty messenger. On this Fergus managed to get hold of the basket of fruit from the messenger; and he changed them secretly for another lot of apples, over which he worked an evil spell. Furnished with these the messenger set out for Cashel, and presented them to Cathal the king, who, delighted at this proof of love from his princess, began at once to eat the apples. But the more he ate, the more he longed for them, for a wicked spell was on every apple. When he had eaten them all up, he sent round the country for more, and ate, and ate, until there was not an apple left in Cashel, nor in all the country round.

Then he bade his chieftains go forth and bring in food to appease his appetite; and he ate up all the cattle and the grain and the fruit, and still cried for more; and had the houses searched for food to bring to him. So the people were in despair, for they had no more food, and starvation was over the land.

Now a great and wise man, the chief poet of his tribe, happened to be traveling through Munster at that time, and hearing of the king's state, he greatly desired to see him, for he knew there was devil's work in the evil spell. So they brought him to the king, and many strong invocations he uttered over him, and many powerful incantations, for poets have a knowledge of mysteries above all other men; until finally after three days had passed, he announced to the lords and chiefs on that night, when the moon rose, the spell would be broken, and the king restored to his wonted health. So all the chiefs gathered round in the courtyard to watch; but no one was allowed to enter the room where the king lay, save only the poet. And he was to give the signal when the hour had come and the spell was broken.

So they watched, and just as the moon rose, a great cry was heard from the king's room, and the poet, flinging open the door, bade the chiefs enter; and there on the floor lay a huge dead wolf, who for a whole year had taken up his abode in the king's body; but was now happily cast forth by the strong incantations of the poet.

After this the king fell into a deep sleep, and when he arose he was quite well, and strong again as ever, in all the pride of his youth and beauty. At this the people rejoiced much, for he was greatly loved, and the poet who had restored him was honored above all men in the land; for the king himself took off the golden torque from his own neck and placed it on that of the poet, and he set him at his right hand at the feast.

Now a strange thing happened just at this time; for Fergus, King of the North, fell ill, and wasted away to a shadow, and of all the beautiful meats and wings they set before him he could taste nothing. So he died before a year had passed by; and then Cathal the king wedded his beloved princess, and they lived happily through many years.

The Poets Malediction 234564

The imprecations of the poets had often also a mysterious and fatal effect.

King Breas, the pagan monarch, was a fierce, cruel, and niggardly man, who was therefore very unpopular with the people, who hate the cold heart and the grudging hand.

Amongst others who suffered by the king's inhospitality, was the renowned Carbury, the poet, son of Eodain, the great poetess of the Tuatha-de-Danann race; she who chanted the song of victory when her people conquered the Firbolgs, on the plains of Moytura; and the stone that she stood on during the battle, in sight of all the warriors, is still existing, and is pointed out as the stone of Eodain the poetess, with great reverence, even to this day.

It was her son, Carbury the poet, who was held in such high honor by the nation, that king Breas invited him to his court, in order that he might pronounce a powerful malediction over the enemy with whom he was then at war.

Carbury came on the royal summons, but in place of being treated with the distinction due to his high rank, he was lodged and fed so meanly that the soul of the poet raged with wrath; for the king gave him for lodgement only a small stone cell without fire or a bed; and for food he had only three cakes of meal without any flesh meat or sauce, and no wine was given him, such wine as is fit to light up the poet's soul before the divine mystic spirit of song can awaken its power within him. So, very early the next morning, the poet rose up and departed, with more rage in his heart. But as he passed the king's house he stopped, and, in place of a blessing, pronounced a terrible malediction over Breas and his race, which can still be found in the ancient books of Ireland, commencing thus:

"Without fire, without bed, on the surface of the floor!
Without meat, without fowl, on the surface of the dish.
Three little dishes and no flesh thereon,
A cell without bed, a dish without meat, a cup without wine,
Are these fit offerings from a king to a poet?
May this king and his race be three times accursed forever and forever!"

Immediately three large blisters rose on the king's forehead, and remained there as a sign and mark of the poet's vengeance.

And from that day forth to his death, which happened not long after the reign of Breas was a time of sore trouble and disaster, for he was three times defeated by his enemies, and from care and sorrow a grievous disease fell on him; for though hungry he could not swallow any food; and though all the meat and wine of the best was set before him, yet his throat seemed closed, and though raging with hunger yet not a morsel could pass his lips; and so he died miserably, starved in the midst of plenty, and accursed in all things by the power and malediction of the angry poet.

Kildare

(By Thomas F. Prendergast.)

Kildare of the sweet-sounding, musical name; Kildare of the beautiful, though saddened, history, is a garden spot in far-away Erin. A plain is this county, but the hills of holy Ireland are blue and fair to look upon, and they are ever fair and blue from the plains of Kildare. Slieve Bloom, Blackstairs, Lugnaquilla—they are the setting for the valley of the oaks, a setting that fills the Kildare man's heart with the spell of their majesty and mystery. Pastoral beauty is here typified, it matters not whether in the farm homes or in the peat bogs, where the purple heather spreads its fragrance and the silence of ever and aye is broken only by the querulous grouse or the skylark's song.

It was in this peaceful scene that St. Brigid had her shrine, and it was here that saints and scholars flourished in the bright days of Ireland. Once, and that was in pagan times, and long afterward, Kildare was a forest of oaks. In the fifth century St. Patrick founded a bishopric within its bounds, an office that still exists in the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin. Its first bishop was St. Conlaidh, whose chair has since been filled by saints and doctors.

The name we ought to spell Cill Dara—cill being the Gaelic word for church, and dara signifying oak—the church of the oak, as St. Brigid's Church was first called. One of the glories of Kildare is the shrine of this saint, which has stood from the beginning of Christianity in Ireland. She received the veil from a disciple of St. Patrick, and with several of her companions founded a religious community in a forest of oaks, where the town of Kildare now stands. To-day St. Brigid's Church, round tower and religious houses are in ruins, but they are nevertheless objects of veneration, and the odor of their sanctity remains unsullied by the profanation of the invader or the varying events in the flight of time.

Not alone in one place are those relics found in Kildare. Ivy-clad ruins, crumbling with the weight of years, and too often in neglect, lie scattered throughout the land, giving it a touch of tenderness, and, though saddening the prospect, yet they excite an imagery which the Celt loves to contemplate. And so they are after a thousand years still eloquent of the faith and devotion of those whose places it is our privilege to fill. That some of these ruins are very ancient is proved by the absence of the arch, which was not known to the Gaels until introduced from the Romans in or about the tenth century.

In a bye-way of travel there is the ancient village of Castledermot with its rare collection of monuments, its abbeys, round towers and castles. Age after age is there represented. The Druid, the Dane, the Norman and the Christian monk has left the impress of his presence. The abbey is rarely mentioned as one of the imposing ruins of Ireland, and yet its size and beauty create most profound impressions. Its tower is one of the finest specimens of its kind extant. It possesses wonderful monuments about which opinion is divided, and Celtic crosses that rank with the better known ones throughout the country. One of the many Norman keeps so familiar to the Kildare landscape is in a fair state of preservation. Near the village is the imposing castle of the Geraldines—Kilkea Castle, the seat of the Earl of Kildare. Kilkea is most picturesquely situated amid bardens and parks. The old portcullis is still suspended above the door, the moat is still about its walls, and when the lord is at home the flag of the Geraldines floats from the embattled tower as it did centuries ago from the same high pinnacle above the castle. Inside the ponderous doors are the interior that for ages rang to the voices of the Norman Irish, the massive stone columns, the groined ceilings, the great hall, and the living rooms, the secret chambers and passageways. Among its treasures are an ancient harp with broken strings that once vibrated to the touch of some long forgotten bard; armor of the Kildare Fitzgerald's when knights of old, and their mighty weapons.

Athy on the river Barrow has its castles which used to guard the ford when the pale extended to the riverside. It also has its "abbeys," though the latter exist in name only, since little more than the sites remain. And thence

(*Continued on page 7.*)

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SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 6, 1902.

Phillips, Smyth & Van Orden, Print.

God must love the Irish, He made so many of them. You should have been at the Fair to see.

Derry will unite with Cork in entertaining to-night. An attractive program has been arranged.

The famous Fairs of Ballinasloe and Ballyboy combined were never in their palmiest days a circumstance to the Irish Fair. Oh! It's the place for "divarsion" and fun.

Tyrone is proud of a Meerschaum pipe—valued at a hundred dollars—Should any lady secure this valuable treasure for her friend—"things might progress with—greater rapidity—than heretofore.

The concerts at the Fair are responsible for much of the social life. The band certainly furnishes inspiring music. And the Cross Roads' old Irish dance is a most attractive feature. Never in San Francisco was there more enjoyment than at the Irish Fair.

A correspondent from the Tyrme Booth writes as follows: Carlow is running fast and furious—and invites all patrons of the Fair to call and "sample" its coffee—It might not be out of order to state that our cause is benefited greatly by every order for Tea or Coffee left at Carlow Booth. As these are articles which MUST be purchased by every housekeeper, why not patronize us as we guarantee to furnish goods as satisfactory as any to be purchased in the city at the same price. Come to Carlow and order your Coffee for the month.

Daily the beauty of the Fair grows. The magnificent flags of the four provinces of Ireland with the immense Stars and Stripes and the Bear flag which are now suspended from the ceiling add to the picturesque appearance of the Pavilion as well as the instructive features of the exhibition. Before the close of the Fair, it promises to be a story of the world in pictures.

Kings' Co. is strictly in this great game and if you fail to call you will miss one of the best features of the Irish Fair. One of the articles offered is a handsome painting of the Muckross Abbey, three chances. The winner of this painting will certainly get a prize.

THE MUSICAL PROGRAM.

The program provided for this evening's entertainment of visitors to the festival gives promise of being most enjoyable. The Iroquois Band will render the following selections in the grand stand:

March .....The Union Forever
Overture .....Plantation Echoes
Waltz .....La Favorita
Gavotte .....Monastery Bells

INTERMISSION.

Characteristique Piece...The Donkey Laugh.
Mazurka ..... The Yorke
Cornet Solo...Killarney (By request)
Galop ..... Infernal

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY NIGHT.

Wednesday night will the Catholic Truth Society Night at the Fair. The members of the Truth Society, which was established by Father Yorke and to which he gave some of his best work, will pack the Pavilion. The program will be under the direction of the Society and will be excellent. Amongst other numbers it will contain musical selections by the Misses Welch, daughters of Architect Welch. Mr. William J. Hynes will be present to amuse the crowd. He has a special song for the Fair which is guaranteed to produce ten laughs a minute. Master Arnold Grazer, famous as a dancer, will "trip the light fantastic" and some of the cleverest of Prof. O'Brien's pupils will give a splendid exhibition of dancing.

Some famous vocalists will sing. Wednesday night promises to be the banner night of the Fair. The Truth Society people are so determined.

The night of the Catholic Truth Society will be but the beginning of a series of Society nights at the Fair. There will be keen rivalry as to which Society brings the biggest crowd. The Truth Society will set the ball a-rolling by thronging the Pavilion. If other societies wish to surpass this record, they'd better hire the Annex.

KERRY BOOTH.

The ladies in charge of the Kerry Booth feel very proud of the efforts of their president, Mrs. Glavin. Owing to her energetic labors, the interior of the booth has been made most attractive. Among the visitors were the Rev. Father McMahon, Rev. Father Michael Clifford, the Rev. Father Sullivan. The young ladies of the next booth looked charming, among them being Miss Agnes Griffin in white organdie over white silk, Miss Kittie in a red organdie and white lace, Miss Nellie Bresnahan in black grenadine, Miss Nellie McCarthy in pink silk, Mrs. Keneally in garnet and white, Miss Traut in gray and Miss Anna Traut in pink and white silk.

LONGFORD AND WICKLOW.

Magnificent Patriotic Celebration Held by These Counties.

From the garden of Ireland and from the heart of the Emerald Isle crowds were gathered last night to hold a joint celebration at the Fair. For Wicklow and Longford had their evening together and right well did they shine as hosts.

When the band played "The Meeting of the Waters" there were many tear-dimmed eyes among the merry makers, many were there who vowed anew

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

No spot so sweet as Avoca in the hills of beautiful Wicklow, made famous by poets in many ages. The Dargle, the Glen of the Downs, the waterfall of Powerscourt and the solemn silent valley of the Seven Churches were all recalled as the scene and the songs brought back the mental vision to those bright years beyond the sea.

Nor were the beauties of the middle north, of Longford, so rich in historic treasures and so picturesque withal, ever lost sight of during the celebration.

The programmes were decidedly attractive, such, indeed, as people pay for the privilege of enjoying.

They were as follows:

LONGFORD BOOTH.

Jig and reel, Marguerite Cronin; cake walk, Irene Kamena; vocal selections, "Apple Blossome," Eva Bolger; violin and piano selections, Messrs. Cutler and Goret.

WICKLOW BOOTH.

Vocal solo, Miss May Stern; vocal solo, Miss Lilian Barns; piano selections, Miss Lola Hart.

The committee in charge of the entertainments were:

Longford—Misses Katie Morris, treasurer; Nellie Guilfoy, secretary; Katie Moran, Mary McUaboe, Mrs. Devlin, Mrs. Murphy, Misses Katie Doyle, Supple, Kitty Lacy, Mr. Brady, Mr. McNaboe, Miss May McArdle, Miss A. Farrel, Miss D. Farrel, Miss Anna Devlin, Mr. Jas. Wrenn.

Wicklow—Mrs. Saunders, president; Miss Kyne, vice-president; Miss Madge Redmond, secretary; Mrs. Keenan, treasurer; Misses Estel Redmond, McCormack, Welsh, Deasy, Lillie Roberts, Mrs. Redmond, Miss Hart.

At the same time the large orchestra discoursed the following music:

March, Emerald Isle; medley, Blue and Gray; High Gaul Cap; Suite of Waltzes; Erin Mavorneen.

INTERMISSION.

March, Bohemian Life; selection, Erin Go Bragh; gavotte, Leonora, galop, Like the Wind.

"Let me have a chance at 'My Lord Kitchener'" said Michael Casey, in the shooting gallery, as he paid over his dime. "I think I could *Boer* a hole through him." And then the bell "tolled" everybody to go home.

GREETING

BY M. E. O'CONNOR.

Come and see the land of Erin,
Ever ancient, ever young,
Peerless land of song and story,
And of glory still unsung;
Emerald-vested, sea-claspt, cinctured
By a thousand silver streams,
Holy-hilled and fairy-haunted,
Tir-na n-Og of exiles dreams.

Here no need of Fancy's pinion,
To revisit home again,
Lo! a wizzard wand has conjured
Hither from across the main,
Shamrock sod and purple heather,
And the golden furze aglow,
Canavaun and fair-thimble
And the Druid mistletoe.

Wander east or wander westward,
North or southward, here in truth
Scenes of childhood days will greet you,
Friends will meet you as in youth.
You may hear the Bells of Shandon
Chiming blandly o'er the Lee,
Kiss the magic stone at Blarney
And become a shamnachie.

You may ponder o'er the beauty
Of "Killarney's lakes and fells,"
Or the darkling change and splendor
Of the Dargle's hills and dells.
You may view the Giant's Causeway,
Or sit dreaming by Lough Neagh,
Watch the boatman of the Claddagh
Or sail round sweet Dublin Bay.

You will see where sleep the sainted
Patrick, Bride and Columkille,
And where fell the fearless pikemen
At New Ross and Vinegar Hill.
Holy fanes you'll say your prayers at,
Where the martyr's relics sleep,
While their spirits through the ages
Watch and ward o'er Erin keep.

Should you call to see Kate Kearney—
Take a warning from a friend—
Heed not her deluding spell-words,
Else a fortune you will spend.
Trust sweet "Kate of Garnvilla,"
Or fair "Kitty of Coleraine"
For the winsome word that leaves you
No sad legacy of pain.

We will tell you tales of pookas,
Banshee wails and leprechauns,
Legends old and weird and mystic,
Wise man's tales and omadaun's.
So come early and come often
For the laughter and the tears,
That will waken with the echoes
Of the far-off vanished years.

Sgeulta Na h-Eonaighe

Miss Agnes Murphy looked stunning in a gown of white silk, bodice trimmed in lace and velvet.

Miss Katheryn Gibbon appeared Saturday evening in blue silk gown of modish cut. A corsage bouquet of red roses worn upon the shoulder tried vainly to rival nature's gift.

We are all so glad to see Mrs. Shea. Being so very kind of heart she is ever willing to assist for "sweet charity's sake."

Dr. Keenan is very fond of coffee and he naturally thinks every one else is. One of his friends was asked (oh, so politely) "would she enjoy a cup of coffee," "why certainly"—when presto—the bewitching Miss Maguire ventured the remark, she was taking orders for coffee—"an article needed in every household." Would the lady please buy"? Of course the lady gave an order with a bogus street and number and bowed herself away, declaring there are tricks in all trades.

Mr. W. Judge looked the soul of good nature the other evening as he called attention to a real Egyptian mummy that could move at the point of a pin.

Kerry Booth is resplendent in natural beauty. The Misses Murphy equally endowed with beauty and grace will win hearts as well as dollars.

Miss E. Murphy was charmingly attired in pink silk cut en train. Her gown being effectually trimmed in lace.

Will some one give the "Examiner" artist a ride on the "jaunting car" and explain the difference between a donkey and a horse.

Tom Prendergast is happy. He'll bet on Kildare horses every time. Watch him do the races. He once rode at the Curragh.

Fr. O'Ryan, our society editor was missed Saturday evening. The dear man is bewildered by the creations of organdie, chiffon, Peau de Soie, grenadine, moire, foulard, etamine, crepe de chine, and black Duchesse.

It has been said that Fr. Casey has given the young ladies of his parish a quiet little talk about kissing the "Blarney Stone."

Dr. Keenan is a very thoughtful man, so careful of public health, that he insists upon the "Blarney Stone., having a wash in Format-dehyde daily.

Miss May Gibbon was beautifully attired in black silk with spangled net trimming.

Miss Gertrude Norton was a picture of lovliness gowned in pale green silk. She wore a beautiful picture hat.

WANTED.—A thousand couples to dance on the "Cross Roads."

The management of the Fair is pleased to announce that Mr. Horan will offer a prize to the most beautiful young lady assisting at the Fair. Now, girls, here is the chance of a life time, to become famous as well as fortunate. The prize is Mr. Horan.

The stately Miss Kate Flynn of Clare Booth, is the cynosure of all eyes and the admired of all beholders. Miss Flynn is one of the most energetic of the "workers" in the cause of "All Ireland" as is shown by the subscription and advertisement list, and her efforts in that direction are greatly appreciated by the staff.

Ping Pong is the latest nevelty in Tipperary Booth, with Peter Whalen as speiler for the game.

The visitors to Waterford Booth were Miss M. J. Cattigan of Oakland and Father Foley of Alameda.

Waterford Booth is making preparations for its evening at home on May 20th.

In Meath Booth there will be a contest for a handsome Waltham Watch.

Revs. John and William Cantwell came from across the bay last night to visit their friends in the Fair.

Rev. Eugene Sullivan of St. Joseph's Church was an enthusiastic visitor and patron of the Fair.

Brother Erminold thinks the Mystic Well is one of the chief attractions of the Fair. Look in for yourself if you have any "doots aboot it."

The Blarney Stone has been well patronized. This stone is on the Grove Street side of the Fair, and was kindly loaned by Mr. Hanlon who has completed a tour of Ireland.

Waterford Booth is doing a thriving business and has a great many callers from outside towns.

Meath Booth has received a donation of a beautiful Gold Watch from Morse & Co. through Mrs. Mulvey, president of the booth.

Father O'Sullivan visited Limerick Booth. Judge Savage of Southern California also paid a visit.

Tipperary Booth has had a new feature added in a South Sea Island Exhibit which is worth while seeing. Madam Jacques has been very busy reading palms and telling fortunes.

Rev. Father Quinn came down from Suisun and brought several Sunday collections along. He ran against many combinations including the nickel-in-the-slot, the dice; he shot at "My Lord Kitchener" and rode on the jaunting car; then he went to raise more money. When he returned he made many vain attempts to buy out the Fair. Father Quinn is all right! So say all of them.

County Meath will hereafter have a real Gypsy especially engaged to tell fortunes. Concerts will be given each evening by local talent, so while in the old country, spend a few minutes in Royal Meath.

Brother Vivian is getting to be quite a marksman. He hit the bull's eye five times straight.

The map of Ireland was visited by Father O'Sullivan and Judge Savage of Southern California.

Officer Mat Tierney, the fashion plate of the local Police Department, had his fortune told by Madam Jacques at the Tipperary Booth last evening. It is that he is going to marry soon.

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SGEULTA NA H-AONAIGHE.

Fathers Quinn of Suisun, John C. Cantwell of Berkeley, William Cantwell of Oakland and Keane of St. Josephs, San Francisco, celebrated their first trip on the Irish Jaunting Car yesterday evening.

Father Brady of St. John's Parish received a rousing reception at Longford Booth. He made himself at home selling chances on the wheel of fortune. Miss Kittie Kenny one of the most charming ladies of the Fair is assisting her mother at the Roscommon Booth, she may be seen there every evening during the Fair.

Mrs. Handley declares that the ladies of her booth are all hard workers, and that Mrs. Vanderwhite the Misses Jolley, Walloran and White excel as hostesses.

Mr. William Kearny distinguished himself by playing the famous Kildare Races at the Kildare Booth by losing $3.50 and he carried a happy smile.

Fr. James Fennel visits the Fair frequently and often. He was in for lunch and he dropped in at night just to win the dinner set.

The Map of Ireland Booth under the supervision of Miss Nellie Sullivan assisted by a corps of energetic young ladies is ever thronged with a crowd of interested observers. They boast the possession of the champion spieler on the coast, whose work is a revelation to the spectator and whose "mathematically correct," "one inch to the mile" and "blessed sod from Holy Ireland" are blandishments that none within reach of his dulcet tones can resist. Miss Tody Lyman and Miss Mary Franklin charmingly gowned are amongst the younger buds.

Miss Casie Murphy, one of the many rosebuds of the Kerry Booth, made her debut last night.

Fathers Sullivan, Cantillon, Comerford and McMahon paid a visit to Kerry Booth yesterday evening.

Miss Emily Murphy is as charming as ever at the Kerry Booth. She may be seen there every evening during the Fair.

Miss Agnes Griffen looked charming last evening dressed in white chiffon, over taffeta.

Mrs. Mazie Trant looks as sweet as ever in a pink organdie over pink silk.

Col. Daniel Riordan, assisted by Major Leahy, give Gaelic lessons at the door every night.

Clare Booth is dong a "land-office business." Miss K. Flynn is indefatigable in her efforts to swell the funds of her booth. Very many handsome articles ore on sale. Good cigars at reasonable prices constantly on hand.

Dr. Mary Halton is assisting at Mayo Booth. Dr. Halton handles the dice box in a very skillful manner indeed.

J. J. Caniffe's visit to the Fair has left behind it a pleasant silvery memory. "They didn't do a thing to me" sighed Mr. Caniffe as he wended his way homeward minus even carfare.

Since taking a counterfeit dollar, Pat Madigan of Clare Booth has had the lenses of his eye glasses increased. Charley Collins suggests that Pat put in a requisition for the Lick Telescope.

The Misses Gibbon are upholding Fermanagh in great shape. Candies, ice-cream and other delicacies of the best and freshest variety can always be found at this booth.

Don't forget your favorite Irish Society at the contest now in progress at the Academy Booth. The trophy is a handsome silk Irish flag.

The "Post" is making a specialty of publishing a picture of each booth every night.

Mrs. Molly of Galway Booth is noticeable for her active work in behalf of the Fair. Just watch Galway when all the returns are in.

Bro. Erminold was a welcome visitor last night. He spent money with a lavish hand. Bro. William who accompanied him staggered under the weight of a load of tickets purchased by the director of St. Mary's College.

Father John Nugent was with us again Monday night. He took chances on everything from the beautiful gold watch donated by the "Post" to a roast of beef on exhibition in the Mayo Booth.

A delightful celebration has been arranged by the committee having charge of the entertainment in County Derry Booth. It will be equal in point of merit to any given in the county celebrations.

The fame of the lunch served every day by the ladies of the Refreshment Booth has gone abroad and in consequence the tables are crowded every day between 11 and 2.

M. J. Callaghan and F. J. Merron from the Transport Grant were among the visitors at the Louth Booth.

At the Mayo Booth there has been received from Westport on Clue bay, a pot of heather and beautiful mosses from historic Muskross Abbey.

The ever faithful children of Mayo are still keeping their native county to the front. In addition to its numerous attractions, now comes the happy news of the arrival of a walking stick, once the property of the uncrowned Ardrigh of Erin the late Charles Stewart Parnell. The stick was presented to Miss Curran (who by the way for some mysterious reason not known to the management of "All Ireland" is very much interested in Mayo people) by Mr. J. J. Caniffe. It lengthens a man's life to pay a visit to this booth.

The fortune teller at Tipperary Booth is attracting much attention—The same applies to the side-show. The following priests, all from Tipperary have been among the visitors to this booth; Fathers Butler, Cantwell, Hennessy, Nugent, Ryan and Quinn.

Another beautiful article is a picture of the Assumption, brought from Rome by Mrs. Thomas, and donated to Miss Quigley, who has succeeded in realizing a large amount in chances on the same.

Corconians are jubilant to-night. It is their night at the Fair. An excellent program has been prepared consisting of selections by the following well known artists:

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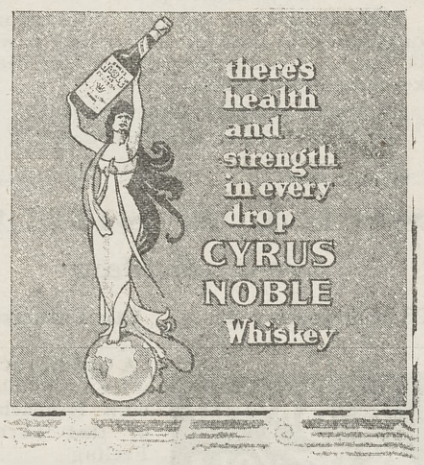

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(*Continued from page 3.*)

northward to Maynooth are ruins of religious houses and castles. At Maynooth is the picturesque ruins of a castle founded by Gerald Fitgerald in the twelfth century, with later work by the sixth Earl of Kildare in the fifteenth century, and the 16th Earl in the seventeenth century. The present Protestant church of Maynooth formed part of a college established by the ninth Earl in the sixteenth century. Near the village is the handsome residence of the Duke of Leinster-Carton House from which it is said the White House in Washington, D. C., was copied. The Franciscans were given a monastery at Kilcullen, the Dominicans had an abbey at Athy, and other religious orders had monasteries at Naas, Clane and in other parts of the county.

In our own time Kildare has the honor of Maynooth university. Colleges and schools and religious houses take the place of the old institutions. But the blight of the Curragh camp lies upon the scene, and no doubt will continue until that day when Erin's flag shall proudly wave above it, and a new story be told round the flaming turf fires of Kildare.

Even to this day they will tell you in Kildare of the slaughter of Gibbet Rath Mullaghmast. Since 1798 from father to son has been handed down the story of British perfidy in that dark period of Irish history. They will recount with truly marvelous circumstance and detail how their forefathers perished. And the telling fires the blood of many a Kildare youth. How it used to excite one's imagination long ago when youth's fancy free could look fearfully for the Yeomanry at the turn of the road.

Their cause lost fully 3000 insurgents of '98 capitulated at Gibbeth Rath of the Curragh, whereupon most of them were massacred in cold blood.

Nor is it from histories that the boys when we were boys in Kildare learned of the story of Mullaghmast. To be sure, the tradition of the massacre of the chiefs of Offaly and Leix upon that historic spot with hundreds of their clansmen in 1577 when invited to a grand feast, was dimmed as to details by years. But the last of the Repeal meetings, when O'Connell in 1843 addressed half a million people was enthusiastically recalled by participants in that momentous gathering as the last of the glories of Kildare.

SGEULTA NA H-AONAIGHE.

Visitors to the Fair should not fail to see the Animatoscope, or the moving pictures in the Tyrone Booth. The pictures are lifelike and never fail to interest those who attend the performance.

Sligo Booth is still growing. A beautiful pair of vases was donated today by Mr. Martin Tehaney, one of the Chinatown guides. The public is invited to inspect this beautiful addition to sweet Sligo.

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